

Ed Harrington

It Looks Sad.

Our blood is the same kind
Yours and mine
And we can go anywhere but here
If I can sleep in the car on the way there

Your ex girlfriend said
I was a terrible mess
And I didn't deserve anything that I have
So if I sell everything, and split it fifty-fifty
Then we can kill ourselves

I want to disappear
Just like Ed Harrington
I want to learn to be alone
All my bed sheets are dreaming of being ghosts
They want to learn to sleep alone